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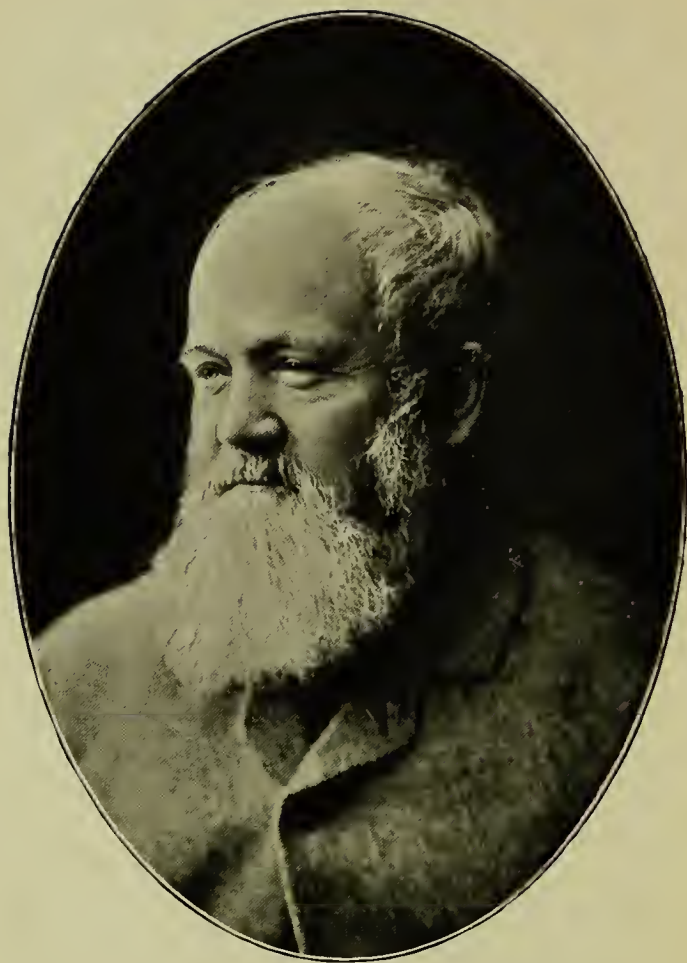
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Man without learninge and remembrance of things past falls into a beastlye sottishnesse and his life is no better to be accounted of than to be buried alive.

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The Story of the Water Cure,

AS ORIGINATED AT GRAEFENBERG AND PERFECTED AT
MALVERN, A.D. 1829 TO 1870.

BY

JAMES NOTT,

THE HISTORIAN OF THE PRIORY CHURCH AND
ANCIENT MONASTERY.

“If there exists anything in the world that can be called a panacea it is pure water; first, because that element will disagree with nobody; secondly, because it is the best preventive against disease.”—

HOFFMANN.

MALVERN:
STEVENS & CO., PRINTERS AND PUBLISHERS, CHURCH STREET
and of all Booksellers.

—
1900.

STEVENS & CO.,
PRINTERS AND BOOKBINDERS,
MALVERN.

DEDICATION.

TO THE MEMORY OF
THE WATER TREATMENT IN MALVERN,
WITH ITS MULTITUDINOUS CURES IN THE DAYS OF YORE,

I DEDICATE THIS BOOK.

MAY MALVERN'S PURE AIR AND WATER NIVER BE
WITHOUT ADEQUATE EXPONENT, OR LESS
CELEBRATED THAN FORMERLY.

THE AUTHOR.

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PREFACE.

The nine chapters on the Water Cure, comprised in this book, were written by me as a pleasant recreation after an illness that had for several weeks confined me to my room. The subject had been again and again presented to my mind, each time with increasing vividness, and I determined, if ever again well enough, I would put my recollections together.

This, in time, I was able to accomplish, and as considerable interest was created by their publication, as they appeared, week by week, in the pages of the *Malvern Gazette*, and as many solicitations were made to me and to the proprietors of the paper to reproduce them, I have been constrained to collect the contributions together, so that they may be preserved as the only detailed record made of some important chapters of Malvern history.

From my earliest years Malvern had been an object of interest. Its mountains, long as I can remember, were within sight, and their shadows, seen from afar, were regarded with mystery. During my school days I had a nearer view from Henwick Hill, a suburb to the city of Worcester, and Malvern became an object of still increasing interest. My first visit was in the year 1842. I was then gratified by being able to explore its hills from east to west, and north to south. I saw its

delightful village, and was charmed by the near and distant prospects the Hills afforded. All was then new to me, and the impressions made in that first visit have never been effaced. It was a place of wonders! In that year Hydropathy took up its abode there, and its advent was beginning to be talked about. The dim apparition of the water treatment! What was it likely to be and what would it do? was the constant enquiry of the villagers. I made a second visit two years later (1844). By that time the Water Cure had fully explained itself, and had become somewhat consolidated, and established.

The one Hydropathic establishment, that of "Graefenberg House," was full to overflowing, as were the hotels and lodging-houses of the village. Men of mark and means, and families of note, had come to the place, and many adventurous patients were found to be taking the benefit of the Water Treatment. As one great man after another came, not only to gratify their curiosity, but to be cured of their ailments, and to trumpet the praises of Hydropathy abroad, the fussy but learned doctor of Divinity, Dr. Card—who was then Vicar of Malvern, and had the sole spiritual care of souls there!—at first had been very loth to acknowledge or notice the new doctors and their unauthorised proceedings; but even he, after some hesitation, was constrained to pay pastoral visits to them, and so far to give them his sanction. Meanwhile, the heads of the Faculty at Worcester, and elsewhere, were doing their best to hound down those whom they, in their contempt, denominated the "quack water doctors," and were followed in their track by multitudes of the smaller fry of the same honourable profession.

Of all this I have a perfect remembrance. I remember also



INTERIOR OF PRIORY CHURCH, 1851.

how Dr. Wilson bearded the lions in their dens, and, in effect, said :

“Cheer on the pack! the quarry stands at bay.”

I have not forgotten how Dr. Gully, with lance in rest, in the shape of a grey-goose quill, met the same ravening, wolfish hosts, and drove them back wounded and discomfited. I remember that when Dr. Wilson's great establishment was built, it was soon followed by the erection of the stately “Tudor House” for Dr. Gully's patients, and how, when Dr. Marsden had become the third Hydropathic physician at Malvern, that “Hardwick House” was erected for, and became filled with his adherents.

Passing on to the “fifties” and “sixties,” I remember how the Water Cure was sought by patients from almost everywhere, and how many were the almost miraculous cures that were wrought.

I have seen Hydropathy in the zenith of its popularity and success, and beheld its professors day by day moving amongst us as honoured and familiar personages. Dr. Gully sometimes was wont to ride on horseback, with livery servant following—staid and dignified he was. At other times he was driven in carriage with fine horses, that had been given him by grateful patients. Dr. Marsden I have seen galloping from place to place, attended by a servant on a white horse, as if intent upon overtaking the course of time, that had gone too fast for his numerous engagements. Dr. James Wilson, mounted on a thoroughbred bay mare, might also have been met with, especially at early morning, taking the benefit of the air in a gentle canter amongst some portions of the Malverns.

Much more I could tell of those times—times when Malvern was advancing by leaps and bounds, and when it became better known and more famous day by day. I am vain enough to think my recollections of what then was transpiring will be of interest to those that may come after me, to the general public, and especially to those who had intimate knowledge of those times. This is my apology for the preservation of these memorials.

THE AUTHOR.

May, 1900.



CHAPTER I.

A REMINISCENCE.

“Most blessed water! neither tongue can tell
The blessedness thereof, nor head can think,
Save only those to whom it has been given
To taste of that divinest gift of Heaven.
I stopped to drink of that divinest well,
Fresh from the rock of ages where it ran,
It had a Heavenly quality to quell
All pain! I rose a renovated man;
And would not now when that relief was known,
For worlds the needful suffering have foregone.”

Hydrotherapy, or the treatment of disease by water, as originated by Vincent Priessnitz, at Graefenberg, and perfected at Malvern by Drs. Wilson and Gully, was, in its day, a great and beneficent reality.

Time was when its advent changed the primitive and pretty village of Malvern, with its 20 to 30 houses, into a crowded and fashionable town. Time was, and that not so long ago, when as early as 5 o'clock on a morning the place was all astir with bath attendants, men and women, passing to and fro from house to house intent upon applying various processes of treatments to patients. Time was when all about the hills at early dawn devotees of Hydrotherapy might have been seen climbing its steepes with Alpine staffs in hand, and carrying glasses for drinking

water at St. Ann's Well, and at the many open springs with which the Malvern Hills then abounded. At six o'clock at morning, the writer remembers to have been often saluted by fellow water patients on the Worcestershire Beacon, or on the top of the North Hill. All was enthusiasm then, and the rush and press of society and the world beyond was for a time forgotten. Time was when untold wealth rolled in upon the water doctors, when patients by hundreds might have been seen day by day crowding about the door of a single hydropathic physician. Time was when palatial establishments arose around Malvern. In 1845, Dr. Wilson's large hospital for water patients was built; to be followed, as time went on, by Malvern House; to be filled, both of them, to overflowing by his patients. Time was when Tudor House for gentlemen, and Holyrood House for ladies, was not half large enough to contain Dr. Gully's patients. Early in the fifties Dr. Johnson, the elder, built the very large establishment, "Malvernbury," and had to have it supplemented soon after by Ellerslie House, for the accommodation of his hydropathic followers. These two houses continued for many years to be the resort of enthusiastic water patients. Townsend House (Dr. Grindrod's) was then and for years after filled by like moist seekers after health. Not least amongst the successful hydropaths in those early days was Dr. Marsden, whose Hardwicke House did not contain even a tithe of his numerous adherents. At that time Dr. Leopold Stummes and Dr. Balbernie were practising hydropathy, and had numerous followers. Malvern Wells House was soon afterwards occupied by Dr. Ayerst, who had a like successful practice. Afterwards there were young Dr. Wilson, Dr. Rayner, and others. At



THE PRIORY CHURCH, MALVERN: DR. WILSON'S HOUSE IN THE DISTANCE.

West Malvern Dr. Paisley had a water establishment, and there were some others. Of the circumstance which preceded this extraordinary development of hydropathic practice in Malvern I shall have to speak in detail in a later chapter. Malvern, though for many years in name and in fact the chosen home, and the head centre of the water cure in England, and though the practice did there attain to an eminence and scientific accuracy it never has reached elsewhere, it cannot be said that, as an extensive means for the cure of diseases it there originated. That honour belongs to none of the world's scientists or philosophers—not to Wilson, or Gully, Marsden or any English doctor here or elsewhere. The origin of it as an extensive and successful practice belongs to none other than to Vincent Priessnitz, an Austrian peasant, who about the year 1829 began the practice, and without detailed theory or accurate science to guide him, by an intuition all but miraculous, slowly but surely worked out the practice in most of its details. In my next chapter, as preliminary to a more detailed account of hydropathy in Malvern, I intend to give some account of this remarkable man, in his first home of hydropathy at Graefenberg, as well as of his wonderful exploits in the curing by water treatment almost every phase of disease to which the human family are subject. Meanwhile, I beg my readers to notice that water as a remedial agent has ever been held in the highest esteem. Long before the days of Priessnitz, eminent school-men and solons of nearly every age, have esteemed it highly, both as a curative agent in disease, and adjunct to a healthy existence. Hydropathy, in a sense, is anything but new to medicine. There is no era in medical science which has not heard of

water—hot or cold—exalted as a means of diet, and for the curing of diseases, and I shall conclude this chapter by reference to some of these.

Virgil called the ancient inhabitants of Italy a race of men hard and austere, who immerse their newly-born children in the rivers, and accustom them to cold water.

Pliny, in speaking of A. Musa, who cured Horace by means of cold water, said that he had put an end to confused drugs; and he also alludes to a certain Charmes, who made a sensation at Rome by the cures he effected with cold water.

Celsus, called the Cicero of doctors, employed water for complaints of the head and stomach.

Galen, in the second century, recommended cold bathing to those in health, as well as to patients labouring under the attacks of fever.

Charlemagne, aware of the salubrity of cold bathing, encouraged its use throughout his empire, and introduced swimming as an amusement at his court.

Van der Heyden, a doctor at Ghent, states that in 1624, during an epidemic of dysentery, he cured many hundreds of persons with cold water.

Dr. Hancock, in 1722, published an anti-fever treatise on the use of cold water, which went through seven editions in one year.

After all, the merit of settling the use of cold water on a just principle, belongs incontestably to our own countryman, Currie, whose work, published in 1797, upon the efficacy of water, may be considered the scientific base of hydropathy.

Hoffmann, the famous German doctor, says that if there

existed anything in the world that could be called a panacea, it was pure water: first, because that element would disagree with nobody; secondly, because it is the best preventive against disease; thirdly, because it would cure agues and chronic complaints.

In Dr. Hahn's work, it is stated that a Capuchin monk, by name Peter Bemonds, went, in the year 1724, to Malta, and there made some astonishing water cures, the fame of which spread throughout Europe. He used water iced, internally and externally.

The Spartans bathed their children, as soon as born, in cold water; and the men of Sparta, both old and young, bathed at all seasons of the year in the Eurotas, to harden their flesh and strengthen their bodies.

Pindar, in one of his Olympic Odes, says: "The best thing is water, and the next gold."

There was a Greek proverb to the effect that the water of the sea cured all ills.

Pythagoras recommended the use of cold baths strongly to his disciples, to fortify both the body and the mind.

Hippocrates, the father of medicine, who added rubbing to cold bathing, was accustomed to use cold water in his treatment of the most serious illnesses. It was Hippocrates who first observed that the employment of warm water chilled, whilst that of cold water warmed.

CHAPTER II.

VINCENT PRIESSNITZ:

THE FOUNDER OF THE WATER CURE.

“Here’s that which is too weak to be a sinner, Honest water.”

SHAKESPEARE.

The history of the water cure as originally practised at Graefenberg, and of Priessnitz, its founder, forms one of the most remarkable chapters in the world’s medical history. To Malvern this is especially interesting, because it was at Graefenberg that Dr. Wilson learned his first lessons in hydropathy, and because it was what he saw there, that he, in conjunction with Dr. Gully, determined to fix upon that spot, and did so fix upon it, as the first English home for the practice. Graefenberg was the inspirer of Malvern, in all that pertained to its beginnings in water treatment, and to it should be given the honour and glory to which it was entitled.

Priessnitz was the son of a small farmer who lived in one of the mountains of Austria, near the town of Freidwaldau, in Silesia—a poor peasant who was able to give his son only such limited education as was in accordance with the times and place in which he lived. The father, while the son was but young, was afflicted with blindness, and the cares of his family came very early to devolve upon the son. In the near proximity to

his home there lived an old man who used to practise the water cure upon animals, and occasionally upon the peasantry, and encouraged by his father, Priessnitz learned from the old man his first lessons in hydropathy. Early in life, whilst engaged in hay-making, an accident which befel him became the principal cause of his devotion to the water cure, with which he was afterwards so honourably connected. He was kicked in the face by a horse, which knocked him down, and the cart passing over his body broke two of his ribs. A surgeon from the town was called in, but declared that he could never be cured so as to be fit for work again. Having always possessed great presence of mind, and an unusual degree of firmness, the young Priessnitz not being pleased with this prognostication of the doctor, and being somewhat acquainted already with the treatment of trifling wounds by the means of cold water, determined to endeavour to cure himself. To effect this his first care was to replace his ribs, and this he did by leaning with his abdomen with all his might against a table or a chair, and holding his breath so as to swell out the chest. This painful operation was attended with the success he expected; the ribs being thus replaced, he applied wet cloths to the parts affected, drank plentifully of water, ate sparingly, and remained in perfect repose. In ten days he was able to go out, and at the end of a year he was again at his occupations in the fields.

The fame of this extraordinary cure soon spread abroad amongst his neighbours, who came to consult him when any accident occurred. By means of treating their diseases, and occasionally those of cattle, he acquired a better knowledge of the virtues of water, and ventured upon more serious cases.

This soon gained him renown, so that his house was beset with persons, rich and poor, begging his advice. From having watched so many diseases with his observing eye and inquiring mind, he soon acquired the knowledge requisite to detect their symptom. Having no remedy but plain spring water, no theories to puzzle his brain, and no guide but nature, which spoke to him the more closely because there was no art to stifle its voice, he soon perceived the defect of the systems of diet and treatment of diseases then prevalent. He found the various applications of water a most efficient means of remedying most of the bodily evils which mar the happiness of life. Having effected cures on great numbers of people—by these unusual means—the doctors resolved to put an end to his “quackery,” and denounced him to the authorities.

The Austrian Government, perhaps the most jealous in Europe in allowing the assembling of people for any purpose whatever, and particularly violent against empirics, or the sale of medicine by any others than regularly certified persons, sent a commission of inquiry to Graefenberg. This commission found that the only agents there employed in the curing of diseases were cold water, air, and exercise; and they had such evidence of its beneficial effects, and the total absence of all danger, even in the most advanced stage of disease, that, on their report, the government allowed Mr. Priessnitz to continue his praiseworthy operations. By the year 1842 it was found that no less than 7,000 persons had at Graefenberg sought his aid, not including the number whom he had treated before he regularly declared his intention of devoting himself to his practice.

The establishment at Graefenberg was most agreeably placed on a long slope, which extended from the valley to the top of the mountain. The views from it were magnificent, particularly in one direction, in which the plains of Prussia were seen in the distance. The highest houses chiefly belonged to Mr. Priessnitz. The principal one was a large irregular building, in which he resided, and where there was a dining room fit for the accommodation of 500 or 600 persons, with numerous bedrooms for patients, and an enormous bath, furnished like the others from a cold spring, etc. In the houses belonging to Priessnitz there was room for about 200 persons, and 150 more could find accommodation in the immediate neighbourhood; thus Priessnitz and his neighbours could accommodate between 300 or 400 persons. To obtain an apartment in or near the establishment, it was necessary to go early in the season, for, with the exception of the months of December, January, and February (when perhaps not more than 100 persons remain in this elevated region, the rest having either retired to Freiwaldau, in the valley below, or left the establishment altogether), it was extremely difficult to procure a room.

The brilliant cures which were effected soon attracted vast numbers of persons, from every rank of life. Many eminent doctors visited him, some of whom went of set purpose to study and to witness with their own eyes the wonderful results of his mode of cure.

In the year 1829, when he began his cures, his patients numbered but 45, but in 1839 these amounted to over 1,400, and amongst them was an arch-duchess, ten princes, 100 counts

and barons, 25 medical men, and a long list of professors.

One of these visitors thus wrote: "Mr. Priessnitz's mode of treatment strengthens the infant, and its application to old age and decrepitude is like that of adding oil to an almost exhausted lamp. We are quite aware that a work asserting these extraordinary results from such humble means, will, like the first tidings of all great discoveries, be received with doubt and disbelief; although this differs from most others, inasmuch as it does not require time to develop its truth. The sceptic has only to make an agreeable journey of a few days to Graefenberg, where he will at once be satisfied of the facts, or be able to refute them. I know they will be too well attested by hundreds of living witnesses to cause any fear in my mind as to the result; and I therefore say to those who do not, as well as those who do labour under disease, 'Go to Graefenberg and mix with the patients, amongst whom will be found representatives of infancy, youth, manhood, and old age; many of whom speak French, and some English; judge there for yourselves!' Since all are subjected to the infirmities of human nature, there is no person, whether in health or otherwise, who may not be benefited by the trip, as they may acquire information which will be of the utmost importance to them for the remainder of their lives."

The process of application of the water treatment were all invented by Mr. Priessnitz, and were continued by those who followed in his wake, at Malvern, and other places, with only slight variation. I have before me pictures of patients undergoing the treatment at Graefenberg, in which "the compress," the "shallow bath," the "sitz," the "Pack," the application of

the "wet sheet," the "douch" and "sweating" processes are shown to be in use, and it is clear it was to Priessnitz the world owes the inventions of the greater part of that wonderfully beneficial means of cure.

By the year 1842 between 40 and 50 different hydropathic establishments, in imitation of Priessnitz, sprung up in different parts of Germany, Hungary, Poland, and Russia, all of which were presided over by medical men. Books were published on the subject in almost every language of the Continent; yet this most interesting and valuable discovery, calculated to ameliorate the physical condition of mankind, continued to be unknown in England till the advent of Dr. Wilson at Malvern.

The following were some of Mr. Priessnitz's chief theories: Patients, said he, must abandon wine, spirits, and poison in every shape. He then proceeds:

1. Health is the natural state of the body.
2. The causes of bodily disease, which do not proceed from external injury, are material, and consist of foreign matter introduced into the infected system.
3. This foreign matter is divided into four parts:
 - (a) Bodily substance which ought to be carried off, but have not been evaporated in proper time.
 - (b) Substances which, according to their nature, cannot be assimilated with the human body, and, notwithstanding, have got into the stomach, or the skin, or have penetrated into the interior.
 - (c) Corruption of the elements, water and air.
 - (d) Epidemical diseases.

4. Every acute disease is an attempt of the system to dispel diseased matter.

5. The radical healing of acute diseases is only possible by separating the diseased matter by means of water, an agent which invariably effects its object, and that always in a manner perceptible to the senses.

6. By means of physic and bleeding acute diseases become chronic ; the system, medically treated, seldom attains a partial, never a total ejection of diseased matter.

7. As sooner or later a body must yield to the evils of drugs, it is quite impossible that any one suffering from chronic disease should die a natural death, unless he be healed by hydropathy.



CHAPTER III.

THE ADVENT OF THE WATER CURE TO MALVERN.

“O madness! to think use of strong wines,
And strongest drink, our chief support of health,
When God with these forbidden, made choice to rear
His mighty champion, strong above compare,
Whose drink was only of the limpid brook.”

MILTON.

To Dr. Wilson belongs the honour of having introduced the practice of hydropathy into England. He had visited Graefenberg, and spent such considerable time there as was necessary to make him acquainted with all that was going on. He visited Priessnitz's study and held many consultations and conversations with him, and in every way possible made himself conversant with the treatment, and all its wonderful results.

Dr. Gully's account of their visit together to Great Malvern is as follows:

Previous to Wilson's visit to Graefenberg he had been exercising his skill as a physician in the North of London, while Dr. Gully was doing like service in the West End of the same city. They were intimate fellow practitioners, and had been wont to compare medical notes; and they had, says Dr. Gully, “come to the conclusion that the old routine of medication was effete, and insufficient, if not positively harmful. Our scepticism in the prevailing style of medication set us both

searching for a better, and it did not surprise me when in 1842 Wilson returned from the Continent filled to the brim with hydropathy. He it was who first laid the subject before me, his acute medical eye having already detected the wonderful power of the system, both in acute and chronic disease. We came in company to inspect Malvern, as a locality for the practice of hydropathy, and finding it appropriate Wilson at once settled down there, being followed by myself a few months afterwards."

That visit was one fraught with much importance to Dr. Wilson, Dr. Gully, and to Great Malvern. They came from Worcester to the village by the four-horse mail coach, the only daily communication to the town then on the road. It reached Malvern about eleven o'clock in the day, bringing with it the London and other mails, two small bags in all. The old Queen's guard, in his royal scarlet uniform, was seated in his accustomed seat in the rear, and announced the coach's arrival by a long blast from his horn, as it descended the declivity of the hill from the Worcester Road. The coach pulled up at the Crown Hotel. A number of listless hangers-on were waiting as usual for the mail's appearance—the only little excitement generally in the day. The postman was there in a smock-frock, who combined the duties of letter carrier and milkman of the village. Some half-dozen persons had been gathered together, amongst whom were two or three visitors, evidently belonging to the upper classes, attracted partly by the excitement of the coach's arrival, and the stimulus of their accustomed glass of brown ale, for which the Crown Hotel had been for long time celebrated. Those present carefully scanned the advent of



DR. JAMES WILSON.

1842.

new arrivals, and on this occasion there alighted the two persons I have mentioned, neither of whom had been seen in Malvern before. The one—Dr. Wilson—was tall and of slender stature. He moved with light step, and was free in his conversation. He had the manner of one who had moved in good society. In his dress he was a bit of a dandy, and by his every movement showed an impulsive nature. If not the “glass of fashion” or the “mould of form,” he was the very ideal of a refined man of the world. As he descended from the coach, his light travelling coat was thrown across his arm. He cast a hurried glance at the beautiful valley beneath him, lighted up as it was by the glory of the mid-day sun. He saw the hill of Bredon in the distance, and took in beneath his hasty view the rare old Priory Church, Church-yard, and Vicarage; an appropriate landscape foreground. A look of satisfaction and pleasure animated his face as in turn he took a look up the mountain side, along which some pleasure-seekers were ascending. This done, having secured the travelling trunks of himself and friend, the two together entered the Crown Hotel.

In the meanwhile, the mail coach, with a renewed blast of the horn and clatter of horses’ hoofs, proceeded on its way to the city of Hereford.

The time of the year was the delightful month of May, and Malvern was clothed in all the glory of that gladsome season. That day and for several days following, Wilson and his more stolid companion spent their time in examining Malvern and its surroundings. Down the hill a current of water, now no longer existing, was running down the “Serpentine Valley,” and there were abundant springs of the same pure element

C

gushing out of the hills everywhere. The hawthorn bloom was gladdening the eye and filling the air with perfume, as it does still in its season, and as our visitors climbed the steep inclines the carol of the lark was heard, and the mellow note of the cuckoo was floating on the breeze. They mounted the Worcestershire Beacon, passed along the hill to Malvern Wells, examined the village, looked in at the Holy Well, surveyed the Vale of Worcestershire from the North Hill, looked round from north to south, and from west to east, and then, having seen all that was to be seen, returned to the hotel to make some enquiries as to the main purpose of their journey.

The Crown Hotel of Malvern was a charming old hostlery of antique mould, and had long been much frequented by English families, who travelled from one fashionable resort to the other, in their own private carriages, with their horses and suites of servants, before the days of railroads or Continental tours. The folding doors of the hotel were usually kept open. In the central entrance hall was the spacious bar parlour, a circular structure. In the rear was a court-yard or quadrangle, around the three sides of which the rooms of the hotel were situated, approached by verandahs or galleries, one tier over the other. In this house Dr. Wilson eventually took up his abode, bought the lease of the place, which soon lost its insignia of royalty, and very speedily it became known as "Graefenberg House," and was the first hydropathic establishment in the United Kingdom.

The following account of the early struggle of the Water Cure, contributed by me in 1861 to "Cross' Guide Book," is here transcribed:

“For many years previous to the discovery of the Water Cure by the Silecian peasant, the routine practice of the general medical profession had began to be called in question ; it had began to be intimated that in an advancing world, for centuries the profession of medicine had made but little progress. The propriety of physical purgation, of bleeding, blistering, to old and young alike, of cupping, and the constant use of alcoholics was beginning to be called in question, and faith in the old practice had to an extent been lost. It was even said that more were being killed by the lancet than the sword. Out of all this a number of athys and some isms took their rise ; plain Dame Nature began to be more hopefully looked to, and man, long a worshipper of hardness, darkness, and mystery, began to take more simple views. Of course, by the red-tapisms of routine medical practitioners, the doings of the Austrian peasant were soon frowned upon, and scouted as monstrous and Utopian, the cures being attributed to anything but the true cause. Still the unlettered rustic went on, and the practice, shown to be right, ere long began to vindicate itself in theory. Travellers from Graefenberg brought news of the discovery made, and the doings of the rustic sage became notorious. It soon, however, became evident that unless science gave it her aid, the Water Cure would in all likelihood die out with its founder. Science, always coy to adopt what her learned ones do not discover, eventually gave hydropathy her smile, and, like a benefactress from heaven, sent one after another of her learned sons to Malvern to vindicate the system.

“The coming of the ‘Water Doctor’ to Malvern caused no little stir ; it formed a theme alike for all to dilate upon. That

all the pharmacopœia of drugs at one fell swoop were to be done away with, and that every form and kind of disease was really to be combated with water!—the idea seemed preposterous, and many an honest laugh was had at the expense of the system. The most exaggerated accounts of the processes of the treatment were everywhere promulgated; and portly matrons held their breath at highly coloured narrations of sweating, douching, sitz bath, shallow, and wet-sheet packing. ‘The Water Doctors must be mad, and there’s an end on’t,’ was the expressed opinion of many. ‘The end,’ however, did not so soon arrive. The hydropathists stood their ground; patients, mad as the doctors, crowded to the place, and, more marvellous still, unmistakable cures became the order of the day. What now was to be done? No longer to be laughed at, the case became a serious one; the medical craft was in danger. From Worcester’s loyal city M.D.’s of vast experience looked on, as Malvern’s fair domain—place of many a golden fee—was being invaded by water. Worst of all, the thing was succeeding. Anon, with spectacles on nose, the champion of allopathy takes up his pen—a letter is written—the thing must be put down; and the current number of the “Provincial Medical and Surgical Journal,” under the signature of Charles Hastings, M.D., beheld the attack begun. Reviewers of ponderous medical journals followed suit; and amongst other things, of the hundreds who had tried the water treatment, one man was really said to be dead! All sorts of exertions were made to bring the system into disrepute; medical men, with one accord, pronounced it dangerous; persons were sent to Malvern on purpose to die, while others, who were found mad enough to risk the treatment,

were advised first to settle all their temporal affairs, and assured the 'first chill of cold water would be certain death.' One doctor reported that eight, and another that twelve, patients had been sent to them 'crippled in palsy and rheumatism by that fearful agent—water.' Another knew that several had died under the treatment. To all this, in dignified prose, the hydropathic doctors replied. They openly and altogether renounced connection with drug medication and alcoholic or narcotic stimulation, and staked their whole fame on the remedial power of pure water. One of the earliest works on the subject contains the following:

'All the processes of the Water Cure having in view to assist Nature in her fight against disease we proceed,

'1st, To measure the amount of internal disease to be removed, and the capabilities of the system to remove it, which is done by an accurate investigation of the previous history of the case, and the present condition of the body in general, and in the detail of its functions.

'2nd, To withdraw all unnatural irritants from the inner organs (improper food, alcoholic liquors of all kinds, and medicines of whatever sort), and to substitute the natural stimulus of water at an appropriate temperature, and plain and appropriate food.

'3rd, To adapt the amount of external stimulation by water and sweating to the capabilities of the system.

'Pure water, pure air, proper diet, and regulated exercise, are the great agents in effecting the cure of disease, by aiding the natural efforts of the body, through the instrumentality of the nervous system.

‘In the due apportionment of these agents, according to the powers of the constitution and the phases of disease, as ascertained by minute medical examination, consist the scientific and the safe practice of the Water Cure.

‘The Water Cure is *dangerous* when the efforts of the system to throw disease from the internal organs are interfered with by irritation of those organs, in the shape of spiced and otherwise stimulating food, alcoholic liquors of any kind, and drugs of whatever sort.’”

“Malvern was represented from the exceedingly porous nature of its soil, and from its position, so remarkable for dryness, to be peculiarly adapted for the practice of hydropathy. In the first prospectus its water is thus spoken of:

“‘In the pure water of Malvern—the purest in England—the entire of our pharmacopœia is comprised; and its external and internal employment, varied according to the circumstance of the disease, is pitted against the long and multifarious array of medicinal means.’

“These well-defined, simple propositions are interesting, as showing the conditions under which the system of hydropathy had originally to fight, not only for fame, but existence. Long might the issue have lain in the balance, but for one circumstance—whatever could be said against the theory, the practice of hydropathy turned out to be successful; this, in time, silenced all opposition.

“In the year 1842 the first hydropathy doctor came to Malvern, and by 1844 the system may be said to have been fully established. In that short time, opposition of the bitterest kind had to be borne—wit, learning, genius, misrepresentation,

and falsehood, all being leagued against it. Those who fought the first battles for hydropathy were, fortunately, men of letters, determined energy, and profound learning; they quailed not at any time, but nobly combated all objections. Being successful, moreover, in five hundred cases in one year, they could afford to assume an imperious bearing, laughing to very scorn, as they did, all detractors of the system."



CHAPTER IV.

DR. JAMES WILSON, AND JAMES MANBY GULLY, M.D.

“Water will cure all diseases which medicine can cure, and this when they are in a much more advanced stage than that at which drugs can act.”—*Claridge's Cold Water Cure.*

The reader has already been introduced to the first exponents of hydropathy in Malvern. He will now be prepared to know something more in detail about them.

Dr. Wilson was born in the year 1807, consequently he was 35 years of age when he came to Malvern. His early years had been spent in North Wales. His education was conducted partly in Dublin and partly in London, where he obtained the diplomas of the Royal College of Surgeons in 1825, and of the Apothecaries' Company in 1830. Subsequently he attended the Medical Schools of Paris, where he contracted that admiration of the Pathological works of Broussels, which never left him, and the thorough knowledge of which added much to his facility in the appreciation of disease. For some years after his studies he was resident surgeon at the Liverpool South Dispensary, where he used to astonish the old routine physicians and surgeons of that institution by the audacity with which he deviated from the beaten track and gave them unwelcome doses of French pathology—a thing in those days, and in that

locality, as dreaded as it was unknown. After three years in this office he went to London, and purchased a partnership with a general practitioner, and it was whilst in that position that Dr. Gully and he first became acquainted. Love of music brought them together. Wilson had a wonderful love of that art, and many and many were the times when the two were found together at the Italian opera in the palmiest years it ever saw, from 1833 to 1838. All this while he (Wilson) felt himself out of place in that humdrum general practice, and in 1840 he relinquished it, and shortly afterwards accepted an engagement as travelling medical attendant to the late Lord Farnham. He did not remain long with the fussy old nobleman, and, in leaving him, he crossed the Alps into Italy. He remained abroad, travelling in various countries, until his wanderings took him to Graefenberg. There he remained for some time inspecting the water treatment, and subjecting himself to it. His experience then gave him such faith in the water treatment that, as already intimated, he resolved to introduce it into England. He then consulted with his professional friend, Dr. Gully, told him of what he had seen and experienced. They both were of like dissenting minds on the question of medical practice, and both came to the same conclusion regarding the innovation—that cures could thereby be made for which the ordinary medication offered no curative remedies. For this information, wrote Dr. Gully, “I hold myself for ever obliged to Wilson; not so much because it led to material success, as because it enabled me, through long years, to practice my profession with a clean mind and strong conviction, the former being the offspring of the latter. Wilson always

maintained his firm belief in the great powers of hydropathy, and would often grow enthusiastic when talking about it. This he did, not only in consequence of its curative results, but because he saw accurately the physiological basis on which it was founded, and he was quite as acute a physiologist as a pathologist; he was a man of acute and original medical mind. His success as a practitioner was due to his quick, but, at the same time, profound appreciation of disease. In my whole circle of medical men," continued Dr. Gully, "whom I have known, some of them high up in the ranks of the profession, I never knew one with a quicker eye for disease, or more rapid detection of the points towards which remedies should be directed. He had a medical mind and a very rapid intuition about disease. No man was better abused by the ordinary medical press and medical crowds than Wilson, but there was more acuteness in his little finger than in the brains of those who barked at him." Dr. Wilson was quick, full of impulse and of the fire of genius, perceiving more at a glance than many could by the most careful study. With all he was careful of his facts, and never contented himself with anything less than the most complete mastery of subjects he took in hand. Added to this he had a faith in hydropathy able to remove mountains. He was apt in repartee, and more than a match for any who were bold enough to enter the lists against him. His reply to Dr. Hastings, of Worcester, who had set upon himself the task of exposing the "Water Cure," was racy, full of humour, and overwhelmingly crushing. A second reply was never needed. Two men more at one on medical subjects, or as to the capabilities of the Water Cure, it was impossible to



DR. JAMES M. GULLY.

1842.

find than Wilson and Gully. Nevertheless, in other respects they were as diverse as it is possible for men to be; and it is no wonder that their companionship, as mentioned in a former chapter, and their co-partnership, was doomed to be of short duration, but though an estrangement and personal antagonism, not to be relaxed, existed between them, it did not prevent Dr. Gully, though late, from giving that honour to Dr. Wilson that was his due. Very early in their Malvern history they separated, each to take their own separate ways to fame and fortune, and both were equally successful.

Dr. James M. Gully was born in the year 1808, at Kingston, Jamaica, in which island his father owned a flourishing coffee plantation. He came to England in 1814, and some years afterwards became a pupil of the Rev. V. Pulsford, at Liverpool, from whose school he was subsequently transferred to the College of St. Barbe, at Paris. In the year 1825 he entered the University of Edinburgh, where he remained three years, when he went to Paris, and continued his studies for another year, under the celebrated French surgeon and operator, Dupuytren. In 1829 he took his degree of M.D. at Edinburgh, and at once proceeded to London, where he established himself as a physician in 1830. Born to wealth and great expectations, on the completion of his College course, by the Emancipation Act of 1832, he became deprived of all, and was hardly worth anything. Dr. Gully's own account is: "Born as he was in the midst of plenty, his father a West Indian planter, he was divested of all that wealth which should have fallen to him as his father's representative. Just as he was emerging from the University, with his diploma of a doctor of medicine in his

hand, he became, so to speak, a pauper, as all his wealth vanished on the passing of the Emancipation Act of 1832, and he was left penniless; but he blessed God it was so, and as he was obliged to do, he tackled to his work. He conceived no harder fate than having to repose upon several thousands per annum and doing nothing." Soon after the collapse of his monetary expectations we find him industriously making use of his pen. Pondering deeply into the sciences of his profession, and doing his best to make himself competent, the abstruse recesses of German and French medical literature received his attention, and early in life he became an elegant and painstaking exponent and translator. In 1834 he published a translation on "Tiedemann's Physiologie des Menschen." Between the years 1833 and 1836 he took considerable part in the editing of the "London Medical Journal" and of the "Liverpool Medical Gazette." In the former he published a condensed account of Broussais' Lectures on General Pathology, and in the latter numerous physiological and pathological papers. In 1839 he published a "Treatise on Neuropathia," and in 1841 a work entitled "The Simple Treatment of Disease." It was immediately after the publication of this work that the treatment of disease by water process, then lately introduced into notice by Priessnitz, first attracted Dr. Gully's serious attention; and in 1842 he gave up his London practice, as we have seen, and established himself at Malvern for the purpose of carrying out the new method of treatment under the most favourable circumstances. His work, entitled "The Water Cure in Chronic Disease," published in 1846, eighth edition 1859, has the merit of explaining in simple, and yet in

perfectly scientific language, what diseases are, and what are the processes by which the means employed for their reduction act upon them.

The free use Dr. Gully had made of his pen, and the important literary works in which he had been employed before his sojourn in Malvern, fitted him to become the exponent and defender of the Water Cure. The answer of the faith that was in them soon became necessary from the water doctors. The whole medical world, and much of the country's literature, soon was down upon the new crusade, and it became necessary for the chosen exponents of the Cure to meet all objectors, which they readily did. Less confident men might have quailed, but Drs. Wilson and Gully never did.

Whatever honour others may be entitled to, Dr. Gully's pen it was that mostly defended hydropathy before an adverse medical world. And it is due more to him than to anyone else that the system was evolved into a science, and that it stands to-day before the world as an acknowledged curative agency.

During the residence of Dr. Gully in Malvern his fame spread over Europe, and patients came from far-off France, Germany, Russia, and other parts of the old world. Some came from Asia, and America always furnished a large and profitable contingent. Also amongst his patients were Gladstone, Lord Macaulay, Carlyle, Tennyson, Read, Roebuck, Eliza Cooke, Albert Smith, Sir William Heathcoat, and Bulwer Lytton.

As doctor, no one ever consulted Dr. Gully without feeling himself in the grasp of a master mind. His profoundness, penetration and resources were remarkable, such as none could

forget who ever consulted him. His was a deeply philosophical as well as medical mind, and it was the innate feeling of his profoundness, and might, that gave Dr. Gully such power of fascination over patients. At the sick bed his presence always gave relief and assurance. None could ever look into his ruddy face, mostly lighted up with a smile, and not detect the consciousness that he was equal to the emergency, however great it might be. And life trembling in the balance appeared to obtain a fresh impetus as he laid his hand upon the pulse.

The following propositions of the principles and practice of the Water Cure were first published by Dr. Gully in 1845, and were appended to every future edition of his works, and they may therefore be considered as containing his settled and deliberate opinions, and confidence, in the faith and practice of hydropathy :

PROPOSITIONS ON THE PRINCIPLES AND PRACTICE OF THE
WATER CURE.

1. A series of unnatural symptoms constitutes a disease.
2. This disease is referable to a morbid condition of some of the textures of the body.
3. All disease is originally acute ; that is to say, the symptoms are more or less rapid and pressing in their character, and more or less characterised by fever.
4. Acute disease is the effort of the morbid organ or organs to throw off their disorder upon some less important organ or organs. Thus, acute inflammation of the liver, stomach, or lungs, causes fever ; that is, an effort to throw the mischief on the skin, the bowels, or the kidneys.

5. If, from the great extent of the mischief to be thrown off, and the feeble constitution, acquired or natural, of the individual, this effort is not successful, the body dies from exhaustion.

6. If this effort be only partially successful, more or less of the internal mischief remains, but give rise to symptoms of a less rapid and pressing and more permanent character. These symptoms then constitute a chronic disease.

7. Except in the case of accidents to the limbs, we know of no disease which is not essentially internal. Skin diseases are invariably connected with disease of some internal organs, especially the stomach and bowels—and are regulated in their character and intensity thereby. This is so true, that where there is a skin disease, the crisis effected by the Water Cure invariably takes place on the spot where it exists.

8. Acute disease, then, is the violent effort of internal and vital organs to cast their mischief on external and less important organs.

9. Chronic disease is the enfeebled effort of the same organs to the same end.

10. But as, from the diminished power of the constitution, this is always ineffectual, the morbid state of the organs tends constantly towards disorganisation, or what is called organic disease. This is more certainly the case if the original causes of the malady are at work.

11. Disease, therefore, is curable when the power of the system is sufficiently strong to throw the morbid action from a more to a less important organ.

12. Disease is incurable when the power in question is

insufficient for the last-named purpose ; and when it has become organic ; that is, when a change of structure has taken place.

13. From these premises, it follows that the aim of scientific treatment should be to aid the development of the power of the system, and its efforts to rid its vital parts of mischief.

14. That mischief invariably consists in the retention of an unnatural quantity of blood in them, to the detriment of other parts of the organism—a retention commonly known by the terms acute inflammation, chronic inflammation, and congestion.

15. In endeavouring to develop the powers of the system, the dissipation of this inflammation or congestion must be constantly kept in view, as the end of which the constitutional efforts are the means.

16. But as the circulation of the blood everywhere is under the influence of the system of nerves, the power and efforts of these last are essentially to be strengthened, in order to dissipate the inflammation or congestion referred to.

17. Curative treatment is therefore made through the instrumentality of the nervous system.

18. Violent and sudden stimulation of the nervous system of the internal organs is invariably followed by exhaustion and increased inflammation and congestion. Hence the impropriety of alcoholic and medicinal stimulants.

19. But the gradual and judiciously regulated stimulation of the nervous system, according to the organic powers, conduces to the development and maintenance of its strength.

20. This stimulation is the more steady and certain in its results the more universally it is applied to the entire nervous system.

21. To the external skin, therefore, and to the internal skin (as represented by all the lining membranes of the lungs and digestive organs), this stimulation should be applied, those parts containing the largest portion of the nervous system spread through them.

22. Pure air applied to the lungs, proper diet, and water applied to the digestive organs, and water applied to the external skin, fulfil this intention of stimulation and strengthening most effectually.

23. Further, as that portion of the nervous system (the brain and spinal cord) in which the will resides, requires the development of its powers, exercise of the limbs is requisite, the stimulation of the air, diet, and water, aiding thereto.

24. Pure water, pure air, proper diet, and regulated exercise, are the great agents in effecting the cure of disease by aiding the natural efforts of the body, through the instrumentality of the nervous system.

25. In the due apportionment of these agents, according to the powers of the constitution and the phases of disease, as ascertained by minute medical examination, consists the scientific and the safe practice of the Water Cure.

26. As the strengthening of the system by the regulated stimulating of the nervous system is the means, so the throwing off disease by more important on less important organs by that acquired strength, is the end of that practice.

27. During the efforts of the system thus aroused for so beneficial an end, if agents are employed which divert those efforts and tend to centre stimulus on the more important organs, augmented mischief is the certain result. Such agents

are to be found in alcoholic and medicinal stimulants applied to the internal skin and nerves; in hot and impure air applied to the external skin and nerves; and in exciting and factitious pleasures and anxious cares applied to the great centre of the nerves—the brain.

28. These and the mal-apportionment of the stimulation included in water, air, diet, and exercise, give rise to the only “Dangers of the Water Cure.”

29. The proper apportionment of the stimulation in question, originates and maintains a steady effort of the system to save its vital parts, at the expense of parts which implicate life less immediately.

30. The result of this effort is shown in one of the following ways: (1) The re-establishment of obstructed and suppressed secretions; (2) In the elimination of diseased matters through the bowels, kidneys, or skin.



CHAPTER V.

LIFE AT THE WATER CURE,

1851.

“There is nothing like water—
Hot and cold, moist and dry,
Contend alike for mastery.”

This chapter consists mostly of extracts from a somewhat remarkable comic account of the Water Treatment as practised in Malvern in the year 1851. The place of the writer's residence was the large Hydropathic Hospital of Dr. Wilson.

There were then resident in Malvern three doctors devoted to the cure, viz., Wilson, Gully, and Marsden; and from all the stationers' shop windows, the Bazaar, and on the walls of all the hotels, large lithographic portraits were suspended of all of them.

They seemed to bid for the possession, and management, of the visitor's body on his arrival. These are described:

“With whiskers silkily curled, sitting by a table, and serenely musing, the ‘Great Original,’ Wilson, seemed intrepidly to assure the invalid and hypochondriac of a cure. Standing up, with arm a-kimbo, confident and self-possessed, with glance like that of an eagle, Dr. Gully pushed himself forward, as if to say, ‘I'm your man—try me’; while Marsden, who united homœopathy with hydropathy, may have been said to have had a mezzotint manner between both, and looked from his frame

upon you as intently as if he were listening to your case. Had I not previously decided, I should, even from this survey, have pronounced for Wilson and his curled whiskers, upon whom I proceeded to call.

"Into Dr. Wilson's reception room I was shown, to get a medical overhauling. He was as like his portrait as could be—the lithographed whiskers were a fac-simile to the minutest curl of the natural ones. He was dressed in a showy morning gown, and sitting on a sofa near a gigantic plaster copy of Bailey's Eve. Books, pictures, etc., surrounded the walls. His salutation was free, off-hand, and assuring, and before many minutes I found he was a clever, bold talker, and a man of the world. One sharp short glance, in which he seemed to look through my body at a water-colour of Mount Vesuvius that hung against the wall; a glance at my tongue, and a feel of my pulse, was all the examination he required to tell me my case. I was 'a Hercules overworked' (how encouraging)—I wanted a pause from perpetual excitement—I wanted to have some time when I would not know what to do with myself—some leisure to yawn—nothing was the matter with me beyond the disarrangement attendant on a person overtaxed. A fortnight there would 'build me up.' I need not tire myself climbing the hills, or walking too much—I need but 'loungé about, and take it easy.'

"'Then,' said I, 'Doctor, all you think necessary is that I should have the shoes knocked off, and be turned out for a fortnight's run in the paddock.

'The world is too much with us, soon and late

Getting and spending, we lay waste our powers.'

“‘At 12 o’clock,’ said the Doctor, ‘go to your room, and your bathman will give you a dripping sheet, and then at five you will have a lamp bath. I’ll give instructions.’

“At twelve I went to my apartment, which contained besides the ordinary bedroom furniture, two baths made of sheet tin, an ordinary large bath and sitz bath.

“I had barely time to undress, and was not allowed leisure to feel nervous, when the executioner—I mean my bathman—appeared, a good-humoured looking fellow about thirty, with a wet sheet lightly wrung out of the cold water in his hand, and this he abruptly popped over my head and body; the latter, warm from the weather and a walk, causing a shock less than the shower bath, but infinitely more agreeable. Without taking away your breath, it made you breathe short and quick, and the cold dripping sheet in contact with your warm skin was at once stimulating and refreshing; while the action brought on by the rubbing (for you and your attendant rubbed lustily away), was rapidly accompanied by a glow of heat. The process was over in five minutes, and the sense of lightness and clearness, both in body and spirits, which I felt as soon as I had dressed, made me at once in love with my first experiment. The spray from the wet sheet, as the bathman, who had some fancy, observed, was precious as a ‘shower of pearls.’

“Your first impulse after you have had the dripping sheet is to start for a walk. Leaving the house for a visit to Saint Anne’s Well, I passed some ladies and gentlemen talking to one of the patients at the entrance. They were evidently strangers, and must have been asking an explanation as to the possible ailments of some of the patients, who looked robust enough.

I suppose my appearance puzzled them for the same reason, for before I got quite out of hearing, one of the ladies asked of their hydropathic friend: 'What can be the matter, for instance, with that gentleman?' I was upon the point of turning round and saying, 'Crossed in love, ma'am!' when I thought it might not be as good-temperedly received as intended.

"It was high noon, the roads were sparkling in the sun, and dotted with invalids, so that I had a good opportunity of getting a synopsis of the Malvern society of the day.

"Exactly at half-past one, my friend P—— and I attended for my first hydropathic dinner. We were shown into the drawing-room, which is a splendid and richly decorated saloon, in fact, some ninety feet long, the windows at the end opening out in a crescent, on a terrace which commands a view of the wide Severn vale. I noticed that the company wore easy dresses, just as they had come in from 'a stroll or a stride,' and it was with some mortification I looked upon our precise black coats and jet polished boots, for the truth is, we had habitted ourselves for dinner, and, as Madame Dudevant says, nothing looks so stiff as a dress coat amid the degage costume of the country. Dr. Wilson, who soon after entered, and made us out, noticed this, and told us that the conventionalities of costume were not observed at a half-past one o'clock dinner; we were to look upon ourselves as in an hospital of hydropathic patients, where ease and comfort were chiefly consulted. There were no introductions either, but people, if they were not very rigidly English in their manners, soon became acquainted.

"Here that 'Tocsin of the soul, the dinner bell,'

pealed away in the hall, and, following the company, we found ourselves in a very fine dining-room, even larger than the drawing-room. An immense long table, capable of seating from eighty to a hundred, traversed the whole length of the apartment, save some portion at the top, where a billiard-table stood.

“Unless at a public banquet, I never sat down with so large a company. An East Indian colonel presided at the head of the table, and our friend the Doctor at the end, close to which, as last comers, comfortably with the rule of the house, we took our places. It was an animated sight to glance up that long line of snowy table-cloth, glistening with cut-glass decanters of water, and presenting on either side faces of every form and fashion—the brown Indian officer, the bearded guardsman, the bilious barrister, the over-fed alderman, the dyspeptic old bachelor, the fair young lady, and the fussy old one. In fact, I should say the young ladies were by no means the minority; and save that some of them looked a little blanched with the ceaseless cold bath—overwashed, as P——said—they had pleasant handsome faces on the whole. Six bright-eyed houris, whom you would sooner expect to meet in Mahomet’s heaven than in a hydropathic hospital, sat opposite us, without a single male patient between to break their beautiful succession. There was a novelty in finding oneself thus suddenly confronting six lovely strangers, near enough, were all parties so inclined, for that

Quick correspondence of glances and sighs,
Which Moore calls the twopenny-post of the eyes.

But the viands—they were sublime in their very simplicity, and refreshing enough to cure a town-crammed diner-out, to whom ‘the delicacies of the season’ and raking visions of dyspepsia

are synonymous. Demosthene's prescription for an orator was, I think, 'action, action, action'; the hydropathists' prescription for an invalid (from the prospect of the board now before us) would seem to be 'mutton, mutton, mutton'—nothing but mutton; diversified, it is true, in the different forms of legs, loins, and cutlets, but still mutton—mutton everywhere—and this with dishes of vegetables, plain boiled rice and maccaroni, equally unsophisticated, formed the repast. 'Shall I help you to mutton?' said Dr. Wilson, bowing to my friend, and holding his knife in suspense over that smelling, gushing point of a roast leg, which seemed, in its very tempting prohiberance, to call you to carve it. 'If you please,' said my friend aloud; and then aside, but audible to all our neighbours—'Will I have mutton? Indeed, if I had not mutton, I should like to know what else I could have here; 'tis Hobson's choice; the only margin of selection is between a leg and a loin.' Having, unheeding and unconscious of curiosity, as to who we were and what was the matter with us, we proceeded with our dinner. Our patient neighbours—they had breakfasted at eight or half-past eight o'clock on bread, butter, and tea, and had been climbing hills and using douche baths during the interval; so they set to, like so many giants refreshing themselves. It would do your heart good to see how they cut and came again to leg and loin. No dainty woodpeckers were the young ladies; no nonsense there—they worked with knife and fork like Amazons, while looking as delicate as lilies of the valley. The six young beauties in front of us had two stalwart helpings each, and of boiled rice they consumed enough to raise the price of that salutary esculent at Patna.

"Rice, Simoline (I think it is), and tapioca puddings succeeded the mutton, and were set upon with the same vigour. No cheese followed—thanks were returned by a clerical patient, and the company rose after three-quarters of an hour's seance; some betaking themselves to the drawing-room, others to lounge about the grounds, and some retiring for a short nap."

THE LAMP BATH.

"Punctual to the stroke of five I proceeded to my room, and had not many moments to wait before my bath-man made his appearance to administer 'the lamp,' which was to lead to more wonders than ever Aladdin's. Having undressed, I took my seat on a chair with a footstool of open wood work. A slight fencing or paling, about twenty inches high, and like a clothes horse, was placed round the chair about a foot from it; a series of blankets spreading over this fencing, but drawn close to my throat, were then put round me, until I formed a kind of marquee, shaped like the letter V reversed, always bearing in mind that my head was free. The blankets, in fact, formed a tent, enveloping the chair, and to which the patient served as a pole, the little clothes-horse or paling helping to keep the drapery clear of the lamp, which was placed under the chair, and lit as soon as I was ready. This lamp was a tin vessel, containing about four ounces of spirits of wine, which was set in a blaze. Placed as I was, the heat had full play round my body, but could not escape, closely packed as I was round the throat. As you may imagine I was excessively hot, and for two or three minutes I felt as though I were more likely to roast than melt. A horrid thought suggested itself to me, as I thus sat like a Pythoness on a tripod, or a fish-kettle

with a smart flame under it—was anybody ever burnt in the Lamp Bath? The man coolly said he only knew of two instances, and these occurred at another establishment. My sensations became still more hot and arid, and I began to think of Ridley and Cranmer, and a martyrdom in singed blankets, without the slightest eclat; when suddenly, as though it could bear no more, the skin opened its pores like so many flood-gates, and I ran like a shoulder of mutton before the fire, or a candle held over it. It was no moderate moisture—it was a torrent; and as it fell from my forehead on my nose like rain, it tickled me terribly, but my hands were under the blankets, and I could not help myself. My bath-man looked on me in these my first melting moments with the eye of an artist. ‘It’s coming beautifully,’ he said with rapture; then placing a glass of cold water to my mouth, he told me to take a few ‘swallows to prevent my boiling over,’ as he pleasantly termed something more than a gentle simmer. I now felt delicious, and instead of recurring to Hooper and Ridley, my reminiscences became classic, and as I serenely and softly dissolved away, I thought of Seneca, as he languidly repeated the lines, while his life-blood flowed away in a warm bath—

‘Anima blandula

Hospesque comesque.’

“I had leisure for whims, so I asked the bath-man to be kind enough to let me look at myself in the glass. He complied. It was a fancy, he said, which most gentlemen, and indeed ladies, were seized with when in a similar situation. As he held the mirror up to nature, what a spectacle I presented. I wish I could have been painted as I then appeared. I looked

like a pyramid of blankets, with the Sphynx's head at the top profusely perspiring under an Egyptian sun. I was now about ten minutes over the lamp, like a sort of human urn bubbling away to a blaze of naphtha, so he removed the blankets, and told me, melting as I was, to jump briskly into a great cold bath that stood in the corner of the room. I did as I was bid, though at any other time I should have thought it deliberate suicide—madness itself—an act of insane self-destruction. Not satisfied with this plunge, he popped about six gallons of cold water clean over my head. I then came out, was dried with a sheet, wrapped in a blanket, my feet rubbed, and after this I dressed and went forth for a walk,

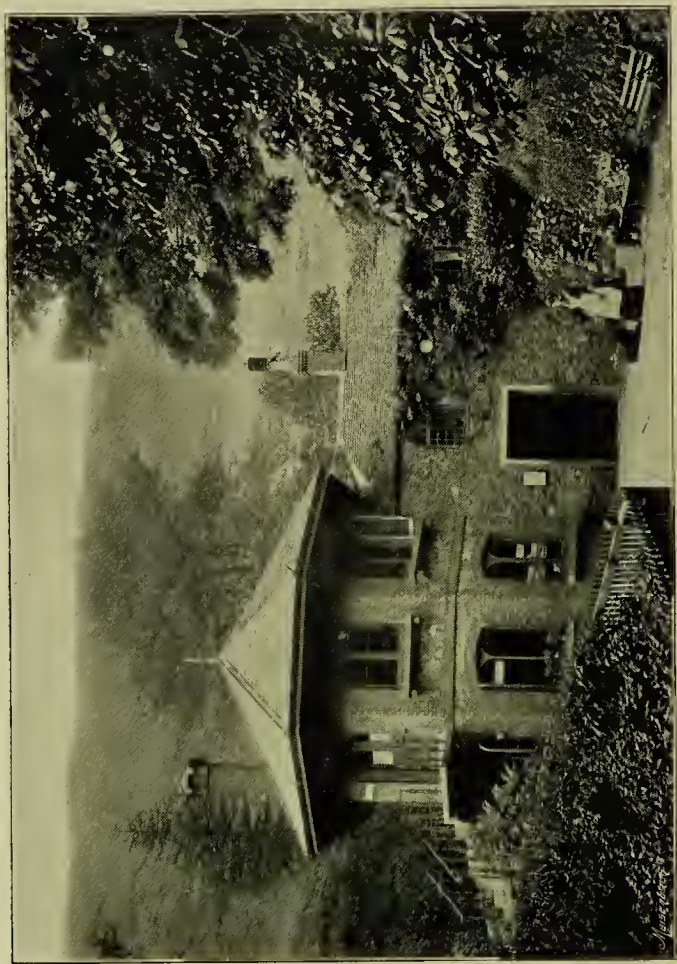
‘As brisk as a bee, and as light as a fairy.’

THE COMPRESS.

“I once defined this to some patients as a wet straight waistcoat, and was rewarded with a laugh. The one most used is called the ‘Abdominal Compress,’ and is worn, I may say, by everyone, whatever else their treatment. It is a sort of small sheet packing, being a wet cloth wrapping round the body, close to the skin, with an India-rubber covering to prevent it ‘percolating’ through the clothes. Unless during meals, this is worn at all times by all patients. Like the damp sheets, it chills you at first, but you soon warm it; and after you have been walking or riding awhile, it sticks to you with the heat and tenacity of a poultice. It is wrung out and refreshed with cold water three or four times a day, or, as the case may be, oftener. This is a perpetual hydropathic treatment, and anybody you meet you may put it down as a matter of course that he or she, like yourself, is steaming with moisture; however

gorgeous the old dowager is dressed at night, she's in reality underneath as moist as a frog; the fair young beauty is but a water-lily up to her arms in that element; and the currie-eating old Indian is hissing like an urn-iron in a full suit of wet swaddling clothes. Some ten minutes before dinner, you'll meet the patients on the stairs, trooping to their various bedrooms, not to 'dress,' but to take off their compresses, that they may have the more room for rice and mutton, and that the blood necessary for digestion may not be detained on its way to the stomach."

The object of the compress (says Dr. Gully) is to produce and maintain over the abdominal viscera an amount of moist warmth, which shall act as a counteracting and soothing agent to the irritation which is fixed in those viscera. Properly applied, therefore, it is a constant opiate to that constant irritation within, which is the ground-work of all chronic diseases. That it soothes the brain and spinal cord is shown in this: that, if freshly applied when sleepless at nights, it is as certain a sedative and narcotic as can be taken. Or let a person be wearied, jaded with walking or talking, and put on the freshened compress, he will find renewed alacrity. An invalid will also quickly find the difference between walking with and without the compress, so much does it improve the walking power. In all these cases, it acts by reducing visceral irritation, which kept the circulation in the brain and spinal cord in the irregular conditions, which produce sleeplessness, restlessness, and oppression.



ST. ANN'S WELL.

CHAPTER VI.

HYDROPATHIC EXPERIENCES.

- “Up on the hills! ye water lovers!
Up on the hills! ‘mid the mountain air,’
Up on the hills! that the bright dew covers,
Up on the hills! for health is there.
Raise the crystal cup on high,
Sparkling with the healthy wave!
Quaff, and drain the goblet dry,
Taste the med’cine nature gave.”
- “Let the bards of modern times,
Wine inspired! degenerate race!
Bacchus call to aid their rhymes,
Bacchus, with his purple face:
Ancient poets, not so daft,
Wandering o’er the sacred mountain,
Like the muses, wisely quaff’d
Inspiration from the fountain.”
- “Waters best, we hail the word,
As inspired Pindaric present!
‘Waters best’ again we’ve heard
From inspired Silecian peasant.
Waters best, shout, shout, ye then,
Water drinkers ever fresh!
Health crusaders! once again
Cleanse by deluging the flesh.”
- “Let the mad-will’d epicure
Pile his food on groaning table,
Fill his glass with spirits pure;
Eat and drink as long as able.
Far from us such sensual riot,
Rife with slow, yet sure self-slaughter;
Here’s—*air, exercise and diet,*
In a bumper of cold water.”

THE DOUCHE.

Whilst our water patient, whose experiences I have been describing in a former chapter, was preparing for his chance at the douche bath, he noticed the great interest that was being manifested by male and female patients alike at everything surrounding it. He saw several ladies depart from their own division of the bath. Some described it as a luxury, some spoke of it as a water spout of diamonds. One fair companion was an object of the greatest interest. They had been confidants as to bath operations for days. He thus described her: "She was," he said, "rosy-cheeked with excitement," and her wet, glossy, black locks were more dangerous, he thought, to man, in their sparkling lumidity, than the lion's mane moist with dew drops. "Is this your first?" asked the fair friend, as he hurried past her; "if so, prepare for a shock." This lady patient and gentleman were young, and one was beautiful—need we, therefore, wonder at their pleasant recognitions?

To each douche bath there are two dressing-rooms, so that no time may be lost, or one party have to wait until the other is quite habited. From the dressing-room you descend some eight or ten feet, by a flight of steps, into a place or pit floored with open wood-work, in order that the water as it falls may run off from the feet. From the roof two large long pipes, one nearly two and the other about three inches in diameter, point menacingly down on you. From these rushed streams of water to the tune of several hogsheads per minute, like miniature Niagaras. The douche is so exhilarating in its effects that it is one of those appendages of the water treatment likely to be abused by those who experience its stimulations, and its

application was only permitted under careful prescription. Some have denominated it the "brandy and water" of the water treatment, and Dr. Claridge says "such are its stimulating effects that patients have been heard to declare that they felt so excited after it as if they had been indulging freely in champagne."

"'Now, Sir,' cried my attendant, opening the door from the dressing-room to the douche. The stairs, the floor, and wall were yet dripping from the last victim, and the damp and nervousness struck cold and consternation to my bones. 'Ugh,' said I, shuddering, as planting my hands on my knees, I held my back or shoulders up to meet the coming crash, as Hercules is represented when sustaining the world. 'This is taking up arms against a *sea* of troubles'; but I said no more, for the man pulled the string—a momentary rush, like a thunder-storm, was heard above me, and the next second the water came roaring through the pipe like a lion upon its prey, and struck me on the shoulders with a merciless bang, spinning me about like a teetotum. Again I returned to the scratch, inclining my back a little this time, and taking it obliquely, as like a cataract the strong column broke in foamy splinters upon my body, and all but beat me to the ground.

"My sojourn under the spout being but ninety seconds took up, of course, less time than my relation of it. As soon as the torrent ceased, which it did instantaneously on the attendant letting go the string, I rushed dripping, but as warm as a toast and as red as a lobster. I subsequently attempted to give Doctor Wilson some idea of my delightful pugnacious propensities on the occasion. 'Oh, aye,' said he, 'I understand. It was

that devil-may-care feeling which a man has when his nerves are in tone—you had a sort of desire to break windows or do any kind of mischief, without malice.' It stimulates, it invigorates, it warms, and gives you for the time the vitality of a thousand men."

THE HYDROPATHIC TEA.

"My first evening in the house was celebrated by a ball. The earliest intimation I had of an approaching festivity was at tea, when the full-dress appearance of the ladies and gentlemen—the peculiarly gauzy effect, especially of the fair sex—warned me of coming quadrilles.

"But, before I go farther, let me give an account of my first tea. The table was laid as at dinner, but down the centre, instead of dishes, etc., were great loaves of household bread on wooden trenchers, water bottles, vessels of butter, and tureens of treacle—some patients had tea, others milk, others chocolate, others water, but all had bread and treacle! My town tastes revolted against this black luscious fluid; but I was alone in my antipathy, which I very soon got over, for on all sides the sweet stuff was being consumed in quantities that would have delighted the heart of a molasses merchant. The society of the house was a sort of St. Ronan's Well society—every class who could afford to pay for wet sheets and water was represented there: titled ladies, baronets, honourables of all genders, troops of tall Guardsmen, squadrons of colonels and captains, the learned professors, all but doctors; while manufactures, ships, colonies, and commerce, sent their quota from seaport and smithy. But all, however different their condition or adverse their occupation, consumed treacle in

appalling quantities, until I thought they had much better call it the treacle than the water treatment. We all slopped it up like so many workhouse children—the Guardsmen ate their way through awful slices of ‘household’ dripping with it—it fell in dull amber drops from the moustaches of greedy Indian colonels—’twas dear to the old dowagers as long whist with threepenny points, and these ærial lovely creatures, hazy in gauze and white satin shoes, like sylphs, were very gluttons in their consumption, and prepared each for the light polka on a plateful of molasses, and as much bread and chocolate as would do a moderate family by their own fireside.”

THE HYDROPATHIC BALL.

“ Besides the seventy or eighty patients in the house, I think as many more visitors attended the ball. A German band at the upper end played some fine introductory music, while the decorated character of the apartment, the dresses and ornaments of the ladies, and the bright lights in which the place abounded, made one unable to believe he was in a water hospital, or that those lovely young ladies and brisk gentlemen were each carrying about with him or her some ailment.

“ A quadrille struck up, and I was soon introduced to a partner, having for my *vis-a-vis* a male case of latent gout and a female one of chronic hysteria. The particular ill to which my fair companion was heiress I could not ascertain, though I tried, considering that I might do so without rudeness, since she did all she possibly could to be informed about mine. We discussed with a primitive simplicity and candour, which in a hydropathic hospital is quite natural, the nature of the various baths. I told her about the dripping-sheet, but expressed a

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decided preference for the lamp bath; the douche, however, was her delight, and she descanted with rapture on the delicious excitement of having a hogshead of water shot through a pipe in sixty seconds on her sylph-like little figure. But the miseries of wet sheet packing, when she was wrapped like a cream cheese in a moist napkin, were so touchingly told that I grew quite sick at the prospect of this dreary process on the following morning. The quadrille had hardly closed when a cabalistic signal from a bath-woman, who just peeped in at the door, deprived me of my interesting partner, who was carried off to some one of the numerous water treatments which her case required. In all outward appearances the ball differed little from the assemblies of Bath and Clifton—a fine, well-lit room, and a large and fashionable attendance, and dancers, so animated that a stranger could never dream it was a congregation of invalids he saw flashing before him. Ices, water, and confectioned wafers and sponge-cakes steeped in the Hay-well, formed the refreshments. At eleven o'clock Dr. Wilson, whose curled whiskers I saw just before careering through a waltz, gave some signal to the chief musician, and the band struck up 'God Save the Queen,' which was a duplicate intimation for the visitors to depart and the patients to take their chamber candles."

THE PACKING IN WET SHEETS.

"I don't know what I was dreaming about, or whether I was dreaming at all, when a noise of opening and shutting of doors and a jingle of water-cans in the landing, where my bedroom lay, awoke me. It was about a quarter past five, and the bath-man and women were commencing their labours. Door

after door opened, splash after splash was heard in the various rooms, and I lay awake, listening and waiting for my turn, much in the frame of mind Ulysses might be supposed to enjoy when Polyhemus was cooking his companions before him, having kindly promised to '*eat him last!*' At length the next door to mine was opened, and I knew 'twould be my turn in a few minutes; the few minutes passed, the handle of my lock was turned, and in walked my bath-man, with bare arms and clattering water-cans. 'I'm come to disturb your rest, sir,' said he, spattering a quantity of water into the shallow bath. 'This, I believe, sir, is your first packing—you'll find it a nice cooler after the ball.'

"'The deuce I will,' said I, 'it's too cool I am. If you could get something to make me hot 'twould be more in my way; but what am I to do?'

"'Get up, sir, if you please.'

"So up I got and stood shiveringly observant of his proceedings as he stripped my bed to the mattress. On this mattress he spread four or five blankets in succession, and then a wet sheet, lightly wrung out of the bath. On this sheet, which extended to the bolster, I lay myself down, my head on the pillow, and ugh! what a chill it sent through my frame as the fellow wrapped it round my warm body in close contact with the skin—he folded it close, tucked it in tightly, so that it enclosed me as a wet winding-sheet; then each layer of blankets was drawn over and pressed round me in the same manner, and finally my counterpane, until I formed a bundle of blankets with a wet sheet under all. My damp, chill, confined, pinioned sensation was for a few minutes the climax of cold misery,

so that I compared myself to a mummy in a roll of papyrus, which had been rendered damp by an inundation of the Nile. Gradually, however, the heat of the body began to conquer the cold of the wet sheet—first the chill was taken off, next it grew tepid, and before the bath-man had left me ten minutes I felt deliciously humidly warm. Presently a dreamy langour, then a soothing sleep, stole gently over me, and I became only conscious of a luxurious comfort.

“I was sorry when, after some fifty minutes, the bath-man came back to unpack me—to unfold me—steaming, foggy with soft vapour—when I felt as sweetly, moistly warm, as a melon in a forcing bed. Dr. Wilson says that in so packing a patient, he applies a poultice to two hundred miles of tubing, for such an amazing quantity of small porous pipings, we are told by physiologists, comprise the surface of the human skin, to which the wet sheet is applied.

“From the sheets I jumped into the bath, when my attendant, as in the case of ‘the lamp,’ tossed a great bucket of cold water over my head. After this I dressed quickly and started for a smart walk.”

These extracts, with my remarks thereon, chronicles a few of the incidents and experiences of a “water patient” during his stay at Dr. Wilson’s establishment. They were much akin to those at other establishments. Enough, I think, has been said to give the present dwellers in Malvern some idea of the moist doings of the Water Doctors in 1851 and following years.

CHAPTER VII.

SIR EDWARD BULWER LYTTON AT MALVERN.

“The days are gone when claret bright
Inspired my strain,
When I sang on every festive night
About champagne.
Prime thirty-four
In floods may pour,
And glasses gaily clatter,
But there’s nothing half so safe to drink
As plain cold water.
Though the bard may make a greater noise
Over his wine,
When with other bacchanalian boys
He chances to dine.
Yet if he wake
With a headache,
And wonders what’s the matter,
He learns there’s nought so safe to drink
As plain cold water.
There’s Doctor Hassall, he proclaims
That water’s full
Of curious brutes, with curious names,
In every pool.
Now you will see
That this must be
A most important matter,
For it’s clear there’s meat as well as drink
In plain cold water.

Professor Clarke, of Aberdeen,
Says chalk is there,
And Monsieur Chatin, iodine
Finds everywhere.
If this be true,
'Tis clear to you
It's just so much the better,
For there's meat and drink, and physic too,
In plain cold water."

Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton made the first of his many visits to the Water Cure in the year 1845. He came broken down in health, and almost despairing of relief. He had travelled far and wide, and had tried many devices to recruit himself. He had spent much upon many physicians, and was none the better, but rather the worse. He came to Malvern hoping to get some alleviation of his sufferings, and he came not in vain. He had been the writer of many books. For over twenty years volumes of fiction had been enanating from his pen. The novel-reading world everywhere had been in raptures with him, and fervid imaginations had for a long time been stimulated by his creations. The goddess of poesy had scattered her emanations, not altogether unsuccessfully, around him. His dramas, "Lady of Lyons," "Richelieu," and "Money," had taken their positions on the stage, and one had become permanently successful. Born in the midst of rank and culture, English "society" had laid its tyrannical hands upon him. His mental powers had been over-wrought by incessant literary work. He had been wasting without stint the midnight oil, and it was no wonder that his constitution, never strong, had become overdone. He thus described his condition:

"At length the frame, long neglected, patched up for awhile

by drugs and doctors, put off and trifled with, as an intrusive dun, like a dun who is in his rights, brought in his arrears, crashing and terribly accumulated through long years, worn and wasted, the constitution seemed wholly inadequate to meet the demand. At this time, about the year 1844," continues he, "I was thoroughly shattered. The least attempt at exercise exhausted me. The nerves gave way at the most ordinary excitement, a chronic irritation of that vast surface we call the mucus membrane, which had defied for years all medical skill, rendered me continually liable to acute attacks, which from their repetition, and the increased feebleness of the frame, might at any time be fatal. My sleep was without refreshment ; at morning I rose more weary than I laid down to rest. I found that the changes, however salutary in theory, produced little, if any, practical amelioration. I put away my books and study, sought the airs which the physicians esteemed most healthful, and adopted the rigid regimen on which doctors insisted. The early rising—the walk before breakfast—the stroll on the sea-shore—all were sought in vain." He consulted half the faculty, enriched the chemists, etc., but so far from being better "was sinking fast." The Water Cure in far-off Graefenberg was heard of, but the dismal journey to that snowy region, "the thought of falling ill by the way, and to have to deposit his bones in some dismal churchyard on the banks of Father Rhine—all this was too horrible to think of." While thus perplexed, he heard of Dr. Wilson and Malvern, whereat his doubts were all solved. Dr. Wilson, he found, had spent ten months at Graefenberg, and fraught with the experience he had acquired in his own person, and whose scientific skill

superadded to the proverbial salubrity of the Malvern air, and its holy springs—when all this was considered—Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton became “bold enough to try if health, like truth, did not lay” at the bottom of the wells of these celebrated hills. And says he, “I resolved to betake myself to Malvern. On my way through town I paused to enquire of some of the faculty if they thought the Water Cure would suit my case. They were, with one exception, unanimous in the vehemence of their denunciations. ‘Granting even if in some cases, especially of rheumatism, hydropathy had produced a cure, to my complaint it was highly dangerous, it would probably be fatal; I had not strength for the treatment; it would fix chronic ailments into organic disease. And Wilson was the last person I should go to.’” Fortunately, Sir E. B. Lytton was not to be deterred by all these intimidations, nor seduced by the allurements of the hundred and one things in the way of drugs they were willing to prescribe for him. He came to Malvern, and his experiences of the Water Treatment, in contrast with those he formerly had whilst undergoing the old treatment, deserves to be written in lines not capable of being forgotten. He says: “I wondered at myself to find how soon it”—the Water Treatment—“became so associated with pleasurable and grateful feelings, as to dwell upon the mind amongst the happiest passages of existence. For my own part, despite all my ailments, or whatever may have been my cares, I have ever found exquisite pleasure in the sense of being, which is, as it were, the conscience, the mirror of the soul. I have known hours of as much and as vivid happiness as perhaps can fall to the lot of man; but amongst all my most brilliant recollections

I can recall no periods of enjoyment at once more hilarious and serene than the hours spent on the lonely hills of Malvern, none in which nature was so thoroughly possessed and appreciated. To rise from a sleep sound as of childhood's, the impatient rush into the open air, whilst the sun was fresh, and the birds' first song—the sense of unwonted strength in every limb and nerve, which made so light of the steep ascent to the holy spring—the delicious sparkle of that morning draught—the green terrace on the brow of the mountain, with the rich landscape wide and far below—the breeze that once would have been so keen and biting, now but exhilarating the blood, and lifting the spirits into religious joy; and this keen sentiment of present pleasure rounded by a hope sanctioned by all I felt in myself, and nearly all that I witnessed in others, that that very present was but the step, the threshold, into an unknown and delightful region of health and vigour—a disease and a care dropping from the frame and the heart at every stride. To conclude my own case," continues Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton, "I stayed nine or ten weeks at Malvern. I emerged at last from these operations, washed out like a thrifty housewife's gown, with all the muscles grown hard as iron, and I became capable of exercise without fatigue; flesh and weight returned; the sense of health became conscious and steady; I had every reason to bless the hour when I first sought the springs of Malvern. I desire in no way to over-colour my own case. The most eminent men of the faculty had failed. I cannot declare that a constitution naturally delicate has been rendered Herculean, or that the wear and tear of a whole manhood have been thoroughly repaired. These admissions

made, what have I gained meanwhile to justify my eulogies and my gratitude?—an immense accumulation of the capital of health. All the good that I have gained is wholly unlike what I have ever derived from medicine, or the Germán mineral bath. We ransack,” says Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton, “the ends of the earth for drugs and minerals, we extract our potions from the deadliest poisons, but around us and about us, Nature, the great Mother, proffers the hygeian font unsealed and accessible to all. Wherever the stream glides pure, whenever the spring sparkles fresh—there, for the vast proportions of the maladies which are produced, Nature yields the benignant healing.”

It was no small honour that this distinguished author should thus have given the glamour of his eulogy to the glory of beautiful Malvern and the blessings of the Water Cure. The splendid enthusiasm that in the first days of hydropathy, and for long years after, characterised the water doctors, and which was communicated to their patients, was no inconsiderable element in its success—and it is clear that Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton had caught something of the contagion that was then so general and apparent.

Further continues that celebrated man: “O afflicted ones, I wish you one of the most blessed friendships man ever makes—the familiar intimacy with water. Not Undine in her virgin existence is more sportive and bewitching—not Undine in her wedded state, more tender and faithful than the elements of which she is the type. In health may you find in it the joyous playmate, in sickness the genial restorer and soft assuager. Round the healing spring, still literally dwell the jocund nymphs

in whom the Greek poetry personified Mirth and Ease. No drink, whether compounded of the gums and rosin of the old Falernian, or the alcohol and acid of modern wine, gives the animal spirits which rejoice the water drinker. Let him who has to go through severe bodily fatigue try first whatever—wine, spirits, porter, beer—he may conceive most generous and supporting. Let him then go through the same trial with no draughts but from the crystal nymph, and if he does not acknowledge that there is no beverage which man concocts so strengthening and animating as that which God pours forth to all the children of nature, I throw up my brief. Finally, as health depends upon healthful habits, let those who desire easily and luxuriously to glide into courses most agreeable to the human frame, to enjoy the morning breeze, to grow epicures in the simple regimen, to become cased in armour against the vicissitudes of our changeful skies—to feel and to shake off light sleep as a blessed dew. Let them, while the organs are yet sound, and the nerves yet unshattered, devote an autumn to the Water Cure.”



CHAPTER VIII.

SUCCESS BEYOND COMPUTATION FOLLOWED BY DECADENCE.

“Wherever fountain of current flowed
Against the Eastern ray, translucent, pure
With touch ethereal of Heaven’s red rod,
I drank from the milky juice, allaying
Thirst, and refreshed.”

MILTON.

For thirty years hydropathy in Malvern prospered in a way that was unexampled, bringing with it fame to its doctors, expansion to the place, health and renewed energy to thousands upon thousands of sickly invalids. Maladies thought to be incurable often found restoration and a new lease of life at the hands of its physicians. If the rustic Silesian peasant had filled Europe with his praise, the doings of the more learned and skilful professional men of Malvern found an echo, as time went on, wherever the English language was spoken. Nor was the effect of the Water Cure found to be limited in its capacity of cures to only a small percentage of the ills to which humanity was subject.

To poor and rich, the hard-worked mechanic, overdone man of business, the worn literary man, and professional devotee, the halt and lame, the afflicted of every kind—fathers, mothers, “young men and maidens, old men and children,” all kinds of



THE PRIORY GATEWAY.

men and women partook of its benefits, and for many years the joyous exclamations of restored ailing ones might have been heard all around Malvern Hills.

The case books of cures of Drs. Wilson, Johnson, Marsden, and Gully, were sufficiently full as to have made volumes in their extent. Laymen of that period, with their eyes open, could and did contribute their tribute of admiration for what was being accomplished. Amongst the ailments treated were diseases of the nutritive organs—nervous and mucus indigestion, disorders of the liver and duodenum; those of the lungs and heart, pulmonary consumption, bronchitis, *tic-doloureux*, chronic congestion of all the ganglionic nerves, rheumatism in its various forms, gout, and rheumatic gout, constipation, piles, dropsy, skin diseases, etc., etc.

The herewith written skeleton cases from six condensed notices, copied from the treatment of patients under the care of Dr. Gully, may serve to show the general plan of treatment followed, of the frequently difficult disease of "constipation." They form merely a sample of what was then done.

1. Miss M., aged 56. Thin in frame, but full of blood, large strong pulse, good appetite, some distress after eating. Had taken aperients three and four times a week for upwards of twenty years. Cured in eleven weeks. Remedies: fomentations, towel-packing, compress, sitz baths. Six tumblers of water daily.

2. Dr. M., aged 52. Bilious, hypochondriacal, careworn; but with abundant blood; appetite, with distress of head after eating. Had taken large doses, and subsequently homœopathic doses of aperients, constantly for five years. Cured in three

weeks. Remedies: packing in the wet sheet, fomentations, sitz baths, compress. Eight tumblers daily.

3. Mr. R., aged 46. Emaciated, wretchedly small and slow pulse, bloodless, subject to intense headaches, all the result of severe mercurial courses eight years previously. Had taken strong purgatives all those years. Cured in fourteen weeks. Remedies: fomentations and friction at first, subsequently towel-packing, sweating, sitz bath, douche, compress. Four tumblers of water at first; ten and twelve at last.

4. Miss H., aged 45. Spare frame, large strong pulse, good appetite, some distress after eating, liver somewhat swollen. Had taken violent purgatives every day, and often twice in twenty-four hours, for fifteen years. Cured in a month. Remedies: fomentations, wet sheet packing and sitz baths; then wet sheet packing, sweating, sitz baths. Five or six tumblers in the commencement; ten and twelve at the last.

5. Mrs. L., aged 46. Vivid circulation, but not much blood, good appetite, acidity, heartburn, flatulence. Drugs for the bowels three times a week for many years. Cured in five weeks. Remedies: fomentations, occasional towel-packing, sitz baths, compress. Four and five tumblers daily.

6. Miss C., aged 20. Full-blooded, bad headaches, good appetite, flatulence. Iron and purgatives in combination since her sixteenth year. Cured in eleven weeks. Remedies: assiduous wet-sheet packing, long sitz baths and compress, then douche and long sitz baths. Ten tumblers daily.

The wonderful successes of the water treatment through many years did not continue for ever. All too soon a change came over "the spirit of the dream." Dr. James Wilson died

in the year 1867. Dr. Ayerst had before that departed from amongst the Malverns; Dr. Johnson had retired into private practice, and let his large establishment for a school. Dr. Leopold Stummes had gone; so had Dr. Balbernie, and Dr. Marsden's large Water Cure establishment had betaken itself to other offices. And lastly, Dr. Gully determined to rest on his richly earned laurels, and take up his abode amongst his many friends in private life. With Dr. Gully's departure from Malvern it soon began to be seen that the sad word "decadence" would have to be written across the wonderful success of the Water Cure in Malvern. It soon began to be seen of the crowds of visitors who still came to the place, less and less came to be water patients, and with their diminution there soon departed from amongst us men and women bath attendants, which for many years had formed an important and conspicuous portion of Malvern inhabitants. A few of these remained and obtained partial employment, but the greater portion sought out pastures new, and other occupations.

Baths of all kinds—sitz, shallow, douche, lamp, ascending douche, vapour, wet sheets, and dripping ditto, and compresses, became less and less in request, and less familiar than they had been before, until, as is now the case, they were and are known by their names only. And strangers have to ask for information as to their proper uses.

A large van load of these former accompaniment of the Water Cure I once saw carted away to a Malvern railway station, to be conveyed to I know not where.

If further evidence was needed of the decadence of the Water Cure in Malvern, it may be found in the fact that the

large hydropathic establishment of Townsend House (Dr. Grindrod's) had long since to be given up, and that the place is now devoted to the mysterious ceremonies of a Benedictine Monastery; and Holyrood and Tudor Houses, where thousands of devoted water patients in the past were treated, have now taken the form of a fashionable hotel and boarding-house. Meanwhile a numerous array of so-called hydropathic establishments, or "Hydros" as they were and are caddishly called, had sprung up all over the land. They all claimed, in name at least, relationship to the hydropathic fathers of Graefenberg and Malvern, but they were no more like those fathers in their features and character "than I to Hercules."

Many of these were started not because their promoters knew anything of the science of the Water Cure, and who cared as little, except for the grist it was intended to bring to the mill. Some were advertised to the world in almost identical terms to those used by cheap "clothiers or haberdashers," as were patent medicines; and their Turkish and other baths were equally perseveringly made known in the columns of the daily and weekly papers. So the whole plan of hydropathic treatment was changed and brought into disrepute—and continues to be so. The learned author of "A Guide to Domestic Hydro-Therapeia" (1869) has thus characterised these and kindred places and practices: "There remains much to be done towards the fair testing of one of the most wonderful plans of treatment which has ever been presented to the world. I apply this epithet advisedly to hydropathy, and with a perfect knowledge of other methods in ordinary usage. But the longer I observe, the more I am convinced that the avoidance of water treatment

in acute disease is quite as much due to the timid and ignorant patient as to the prejudiced practitioner. Horrified at what he calls cold water (though he knows it is applied at all temperatures), the patient swallows without a particle of dread the deadly calomel, the poisonous iodine, and the irritating internal tonic.

“Whilst this ignorance on the part of patients operates to make the practitioner of the old school leave things as they are, and to save himself trouble by palliating instead of learning to cure, I regret to state that since this work was first issued the same squaring with the prejudices of the uninformed has come to be practised by not a few of those who profess to treat diseases hydro-therapeutically, and who call themselves ‘hydropaths’—the title being a kind of net to catch all fish. The net is a house for the reception of invalids nominally, but in fact for any one who will enter it. Once in it, they who are ailing are treated just as they desire—old drug medication, alcoholic stimulation, hot baths if preferred to cold or tempered, anything to prolong the inmate’s sojourn and avoid conflict with his prejudices. The doctor is the obsequious tradesman, instead of the conscientious teacher and treater.

“At some of these establishments a regular excise licence for the sale of vinous and spirituous liquors is taken out; in short, they are hotels for all comers, under the name of hydropathic establishments. At others the ‘hydropathy’ consists in blistering the skin with hot water and mustard; whilst some ‘hydropaths’ do literally nothing but rub their patients with brandy and salt outside, and deluge them with the same brandy, sherry, and other intoxicating liquors inside. In a word, the

trade of hydropathy is carried on, but the medical treatment by it is passed over as not paying, because not pleasant to the patient's fears and feelings. I believe that at this moment (1869), of the so-styled practitioners of hydropathy, there are not more than four who take the smallest heed of the physiological action of the Water Cure in disease; possibly they are unable to understand it—an alternative infinitely more respectable than the tricky use of its name for sordid ends.

“This is a melancholy picture of the condition of a most valuable agent in the cure of disease, after so long an existence in this realm.”

Soon after Dr. Gully had given up his public connection with the profession, still true to his former views and past convictions, he wrote the following protest against the frequent administration of alcoholics in the treatment of disease. The occasion of his doing this was the issue of a “public medical declaration” on the subject, which had been signed by some of the heads of the profession and many more of the general members of the faculty. And with this protest from his pen I conclude my story of the Water Cure:

“The ‘distinguished’ man in London and his humble imitators,” said Dr. Gully, “have to answer for a vast amount of tippling in well-dressed and well-housed families. In far too many of such families there arises the accusing vision of some gentle, hysterical girl transformed into a coarse drinking woman by the prescription of her doctor, ‘to steady her nerves,’ of some mother in middle age. with all the shakiness of nerves accompanying that period of feminine life, setting the example of glasses of sherry all the day long to her sons now rising

into early manhood; of some hardly worked father who goes fuddled to bed each night because the doctor tells him he 'requires support' after the labours of the day, as if there was any real restorer of power, save blood-making food and nerve—save sleep. It is the hideous multiplication of instances like these which has at length aroused educated society to the destructive and demoralising habits involved in the recommendation of doctors holding high places in their calling, but having a low view of its duties—one of the most important of these, though not the easiest or most profitable, being the inculcation of self-denial instead of self-indulgence. The 'Toddy' treatment, as the late Dr. Todd's indiscriminate prescription of alcohol came to be called even by its imitators, brings all this mischief to morals, 'and does not bring health to the patient!' I proclaim this aloud, with a most profound conviction of its truth; a conviction drawn from the observation of thousands of cases during the last thirty years, cases which had all been subjected to this disastrous fire-water treatment, with the invariable result of either at most maintaining the disease where it was, or, much more frequently, inveterating and intensifying it. At one time, some 20 years ago, this alcohol treatment was mostly confined to what are called 'nervous' complaints; but now, have you rheumatism or gout (and a favourite slang is that everyone has 'gout'), you must drink cold whisky punch two or three times a day; have you chronic bronchitis, you must swallow hot sherry and water; are the kidneys wrong, down go the Hollands and the brandy; and even have you congested brain, you are told to 'strengthen' it by the stimulation of champagne and sparkling hock. If it had novelty

in it, one would, as a medical practitioner, be bound to try it; for it is wicked—no less—and stupid moreover, in one who professes to have studied all methods for the relief of his employers, to pass over any plan because it squares not with his prejudices, or because it would give him trouble; but the plan of stimulation has been tried again and again since the time when tipsy Browne first introduced it nearly a century ago, and has always been abandoned after the fashion of it ceased. If it had success, it would not only be practised in paroxysms, but would, long ago, have established itself as the permanent plan of treatment for all diseases involving nervous irritability; but whether the stimulation come in the shape of whisky toddy, as it did under Browne; of port wine, in the early part of this century; of bitter ale, twenty years ago; or of rum and milk, brandy and eggs, stout, champagne—anything containing alcohol and jumbled all together—as of late under the regime of Dr. Todd; in all or any of these forms there is not a record of success which at all justifies the widespread application of alcohol to maladies of the nervous system.”

THE GREEN HILLS OF MALVERN.

“What seek'st thou here,
Worn one and weary! on life's arid way,
All desert-like and drear,
Condemn'd in toilsome loneliness to stray?
What dost thou seek?
Health for feeble frame, a fount of strength;
A draught to nerve the weak
With vigour for the journey's weary length?
A gift of life,
To raise again the spirit that hath bled
In passion's fruitless strife?

A new existence for bright dreams long fled?
 A freshen'd flow
Of the glad energy in childhood known?
 A roseate morning glow
Over the joyless path of noontide thrown?
 This dost thou seek?
Speed then thy wishes!—health renew'd be thine!
 Strength for each worthy task,
And energy for every high design.
 All thou dost dream
Of joyous health from these green hills to gain,
 Be thine—the kindly stream
Give back the glow life wore ere touch'd by pain.”



APPENDIX.

MARIENBERG ON THE RHINE.

Whilst this book has been passing through the press, I have been induced to add an appendix, so as to give the reader an account of "Marienberg" *—a Water Cure establishment that sprang into existence early in the "forties." Situate most pleasantly on the banks of the Rhine, it speedily grew into importance, and was largely frequented by patients from England, France, Germany, and more distant places. Amongst the many hydropathic places that rose in imitation of Priessnitz, Marienberg for a long time was the only one that was worthy to be compared with Graefenberg. Its situation was one of almost surpassing beauty. It was a land of mountains and vineyards. A splendid back-ground of hills was seen from its grounds. Gardens and vineyards feathered down to the river, and its surface was continually studded with pleasure skiffs, their monotony occasionally being broken by steamers passing up and down. The house itself was an imposing one. Formerly a protecting fortress, it had been converted into the residence of the reigning Water Cure, which was mostly filled by enthusiastic water patients. Such was Marienberg (St. Mary-at-Hill)

* "Marienberg" on the Rhine is kept in memory at Malvern by a residence in the Worcester Road bearing its name.

in 1844 and following years. Two M.D.'s of considerable repute and experience presided over it. The time had been propitious for such an institution. Physic had had a long reign, and was said to have made but little progress as a healing art for centuries. That every kind of ailment and painful malady to which the poor human body was heir, could only be attacked by pills and potions, "fired at," as it was said, "through stomach lane," was regarded by the new race of men as preposterous. The whole manner of living, moreover, by well-to-do citizens had come to be called in question. Besides which, the result of medical appliances, was manifesting itself as anything but satisfactory, and the constant resort to the lancet was regarded as brutal. On every hand the incompleteness of cures wrought by drugs was becoming evident. Persons hampered in their gait, and crippled in knee, foot, or wrist by acute attacks of gout, or being in great pain on beds or sofas, were common; to be so afflicted had come to be regarded as the normal lot of well-to-do middle-class men, whilst to be so troubled had almost come to be thought a proof of aristocratic lineage and of good breeding. Bleeding, cupping, and leeching were common practices. I well remember in my young days that when an accident occurred by the overturning of a cart on the highway, containing half-a-dozen persons, all of whom were more or less hurt—on a doctor being sent for, the one thing he did was to bleed all the bruised and mangled amongst them. And when a young farmer of my acquaintance was injured whilst hunting, no less than sixteen leeches were applied to him. Did the headache or violent pain manifest itself anywhere, a resort was made to leeches or the use of the lancet,

and the most prominent accompaniment of a chemist's shop in those days was the leech jar. On every hand there was the free use of physic, whether with or without the doctor's leave. Colchicum was the thing for gout, and Blue Pill for liver. Against all this the world and the general public at last began to rebel, and homœopathy, galvanism, medical rubbing, kinesi-therapeia, and, best of all, hydropathy came into existence, and became a protest, reaction, and relief against such terrible treatment of human ailments.

That I have not over-stated the case, I offer proof to the reader in an extract from an eminent Scotch doctor, who in the year 1847 thus discharged himself:

"So long as the Britisher is in good health, he is well cared for; but let him only fall sick, and he is subjected to the same treatment as was employed a century ago, with, indeed, the addition of a ghastly array of drugs, then unknown. He must be treated in a scientific manner—in other words, he must be assailed by calomel, opium, and the lancet. Such is the system which has been pursued, unchanged, and, till lately, unimpugned.

"It cannot be denied that the cure was often worse than the disease, that many came out of the doctor's hands with weakened, nay, ruined constitutions, and that a countless multitude acquired the habit of drugging themselves."

There arrived at Marienberg in its early days, amongst other patients, an English army surgeon. He had done service in the Napoleonic wars; had been present at Waterloo and many other battles. He was a man of robust constitution, and had passed without any serious mishap or illness through the wars.



THE GOUTY PATIENT.

The peace came, and with it the idleness, high living, and wine-drinking of London life and that of the clubs. His own account of himself is as follows :

“ Having led a generally healthful life, especially since my retirement from active service in the army, and having lived what is called, generously, which implies 365 good dinners and 365 pints of wine annually, which I believe to be the most approved method of inoculation for the gout; I at length suffered from that painful disease. I was attacked by gout during the winter of 1845-46; it seized on my foot. Five day's limping; nine days close to the sofa, with some sleepless nights; a week's crutch, and a month of weak ankle. As soon as I was laid on my beam ends, I sent for a doctor; the one whom I had selected was one of the homœopathic school. I had no knowledge of that system, nor much belief in its efficacy; but I had heard much in favour of the man, and my confidence was not shaken after an acquaintance of some weeks. Dr. S. did not at first believe that my malady was gout, and we well nigh had a turn out upon that point, which was ultimately conceded. He was probably in doubt, and my temper was so gouty as to settle the difficulty.”

Relief soon came to him under the operations of homœopathy, but no cure. He then determined to try the effect of travel. He visited Switzerland, and sought whatever of vigour its mountain air could afford. Although quite sensible of the advantages of lovely scenery and pure air, he was still far from being up to the mark. At last he found some relief in a fresh attack of gout. It appears to be a rule in goutish strategy to move by echelon, to attack obliquely. Formerly the left foot

suffered, and, said he, "I might have expected that my left hand would have been next exposed to attack, but it was not so; my foe fixed his talons in the right wrist, which I found far more troublesome than when I was taken by the foot. I was able to walk about, looking daggers at all and sundry, but all the business of life was necessarily transacted by deputy; an amanuensis wrote my letters, and I had a very able and willing one."

After much more of experience and advice from sympathising friends, concerning every kind of medication then in vogue, he resolved to march to the nearest hydropathic establishment and try the Water Cure, and in due time he reached Marienberg, on the slopes of the Rhine. He wrote: "As I approached the scene of my water discipline, I became nervous and excited. I was to enter upon a new life, to be in bondage to the water gods, and although I was sanguine as to the results, still, in all medical treatment, each case affords a problem to be solved upon its own data, and, moreover, it was not yet quite settled where I was to find my tub of rest."

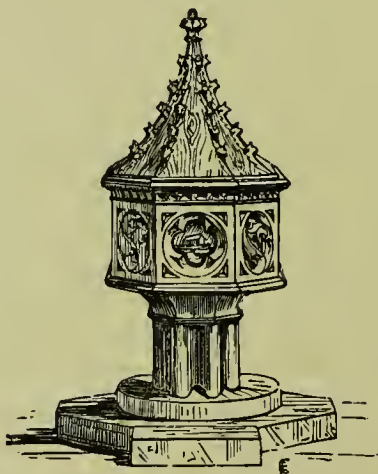
The treatment began immediately. He was packed, sweated, douched, compressed, and during the three weeks that followed performed all the sad and frolicsome pranks and doings that the former pages of this book must have made familiar to the reader. It would be tedious to give further details; suffice it to say that in three weeks an almost perfect cure awaited him. Each succeeding day offered him new proof that he had adopted a wise course in commencing the Water Cure. He further said:

"The effects of the gout, however, and its concomitant

evils, were such as to leave me depressed, reduced, and thoroughly out of condition. I found a remedy in the Water Cure, and each succeeding month has confirmed my conviction of its peculiar efficacy. I have continued my morning bathing, my walking, and my diet, and each week the effects are more and more admirable and undeniable. I used to have some little ailings, slight indeed, but they were signs of more coming. They are all gone. I feel daily more convinced that Gout dare not attack me. I feel more and more satisfied that water has power even beyond the claim which Priessnitz makes in its favour. I beg my readers to try hydropathy, if they are sick; nay, almost to be a little unwell, that they may know how agreeable it is to be cured.

“There was also at Marienberg a doctor from Switzerland. He was a regular M.D., who had practised as such for more than thirty years, with great success. He had told me that he was once, and for a long while, a bitter opponent of hydropathy. He had ridiculed the system as absurd and dangerous, and described it as an iniquitous attempt to deprive the human race of the natural means of healing—to wit, calomel, opium, and the free use of the lancet; but finding that these sovereign remedies were not so effectual as he expected with himself, and having met with many who had received benefit from the Water Cure, he tried its effects upon himself, and the results were so highly satisfactory that he recanted, and finally became an entire convert to the truths of Priessnitzism. He came to Marienberg to place his niece under the Water Cure. This young lady had suffered much from illness, and much more from doctors: she had swallowed every

species of pharmaceutical poison. Omitting the array of commonplace anti-human medicaments, she had been plied with mercury, iodine, arsenic, calomel, and a list of horrors, which prove that her attendants had fancy, if they were deficient in skill. They had succeeded in bringing her to the greatest state of exhaustion, and after four years of patient confidence in the faculty, she found herself worse instead of better, and much reduced in strength. When she came to Marienberg it was with great difficulty that she was enabled to walk from the Rhine, although assisted, and stopping every fifty yards to take breath, and she arrived there in a most exhausted state. In three days this young lady was able to walk without distress, and she felt herself lively and stronger, and in a few weeks was nearly well, and left the place with so great a change for the best as to be the wonder of her friends."



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